

THE TALES OF

Sherlock and Shockley

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PART A

“Everywhere you will look there is a story to be written. All you have to do is pay attention,” Sherlock said thoughtfully, pushing up his glasses and then returned to the pain staking task of extracting wasps wings. Shockley pushed up her own glasses and said, “One day you will jump off a cliff and allow the ocean to drown you.” Sherlock and Shockley often told tales about one another's death.

PART B

Shockley was not the only child; she had a brother named Sherlock and it was a cold day with puffy white clouds hanging down against the deep gray skies that they turned to say, “We should paint the stars.” Sherlock looked at her inquisitively to say, “No I think we should hang them.”

PART C

Sherlock ran away at the age of ten to join the circus while Shockley ran away to become a scientist, but when they both realized they were heading in the same direction, they decided to surrender. Sherlock and Shockley returned home which eventually became a jungle so Sherlock and Shockley built a ladder to reach the sky. When they got there they parted the shades and painted the sky gray. They hung little white clouds and strung up stars as well. Soon they decided that their gray skies needed to be illuminated by a sun. They lived in that tiny little world for years till they out grew it.

PART D

“Shocking Lee” had no significance and Sherlock Holmes was the best, but neither had anything to do with the twins birth that is until after they were born. A normal day they were both delivered but when when the breathed life the gasps of relief would lead one to believe otherwise. “Sherlock!” exclaimed the mother and “Shockley!” exclaimed the father. From then the twins were known as Sherlock and Shockley and they were inseparable.

PART E

One day Shockley decided to buy Rem cookies as a symbol of her infatuation. So Rem and Shockley sat side by side and ate the cookies together. From that day forward, Shockley and Rem solidified their friendship over the simple delight of sweets.

PART F

When Shockley fell in love there was not a single cry of surprise; it seemed almost natural or simply a matter of fact. Shockley and Rem were married straight away and rushed to the island that they both

adored. But when Rem left, the skies turned blue so Shockley mounted the ladder to paint it green. And that is when she began to fade.

PART G

Shockley returned late one eve to place she had longer relinquished and sat quietly by the lit fire. She sat alone in the company of four, all who recognized her yet none who dared speak. She looked quietly at the wall ahead of her before requested that it leave. And so Shockley sat in silence against the sea watching the red flowers blossom in the sky. Across the news came the announcement that a flock of fire ravens began to fly and so one began to speak, "My dear Shockley, what have you done?" She gave a tight smile and said "Those who stand for nothing will fall for anything. I have not done anything, but they think they have. What have I done?" Her silent figure walked down to the sea and let it drown her the way it did Lee.

PART H

Sherlock was quiet all of his life, he played by the rules while pushing to change them. After years of inquiry, he finally came to rest when Ria stopped him in his place long before Shockley even met Rem. Sherlock continued to pursue his dreams while Ria pursued hers and together they supported one another with mutual respect. And one day Ria achieved her dream and vanished from the world leaving nothing but a note that could not be read. Sherlock shrugged and continued to work on the work he had been doing.

Shockley met Ria on the other side of the world, the one where few dare tread. And though many believe that that is how the story began, Sherlock knew better. That is how it all began.

PART I

Cast upon an empty raft, Shockley and Ria drifted out to sea. While out there Shockley proudly said, "And these were the stars we hung." Standing up she held them tight, watching the seas part without any fright. The air was thick, stifling at most but yet they still felt more alive than before. Ria touched the black water and watched them slowly turn blue, then lifted her hand towards the sky. The skies heeded; parting way for lighter shades. "That is how you paint the skies gray." "But we really should be getting back."

PART J

Rin was a secret that Sherlock knew but Shockley did not. Smilingly he confided to bring the siren back. With the utmost confidence, Rin stood up in silence exuding a pale aura that shook the lights of May. She's the only one that could complete this task and so she knew and pursued the sirens that left that day long passed.

PART K

The lone tree grew exactly where intended. Sherlock's family tree loomed in the distance standing tall amongst the field of trees. Certainly one would say that that tree was most certainly not alone but to Sherlock's eyes it was the only one; the tree bore white apples. On each branch carved was the name of his blood and none was ever a sight when the tree carried the tales of Sherlock and Shockley.

PART L

A defiant child had received the response, "I do not like people. I invest in individuals for they have for they have much more to offer. I, in fact, hate people." Shockley on the other hand preferred an alternative method. Over the bodies she said quite distinctly, "This is how one learns. Not by mere theory but application and experience."

PART M

The decision to leave was certainly not easy but that Friday when they first met, Lin and Liu gave good reason. They had been performing for years and this decision was only natural. But our dear Sherlock and Shockley's imagination would not allow it. There was far much in store for the pair of nines (but had they remained then a hand of fours would have been dealt to the nether realm).

PART N

It was of Shockley's own volition to raid the dead or so we all believe. But the dead happens to be very particular about being raised without consent which requires raising them to get consent. It was a just decision as one may assume but that tale should never be told. It rest where the dead no longer lie.

PART O

When Rem returned there was no fear. Some say that Rem never left but that is quite unclear. He was quite dear I do declare but something has gone amiss.

PART P

With the boat built Sherlock wanted to see the world but could not get it adrift. So instead he sank it to the bottom where it would never be missed.

PART Q

Sherlock was a pirate before the age of four but suffered a siege led by Shockley, sadly before they got to sea. "Mutiny!" she cried as she took them to sea and watched the cries of plea. "Release us!" they screamed and with a smirk, Sherlock exclaimed, "She leads the siege but no one else dare crosses my blood except she!"

PART R

One day Shockley woke up and found herself at a desk staring down a hall. Although it all seemed right, she suddenly felt out of place. Crying to herself she wondered, "What am I doing here?" And she was quite sure she was not alone in this sentiment. All the imagination in the world could not save her from such a fate so she... perhaps started at a new pace.

PART S

A pale shade of green and murk, it was along river, that they found the small cave. A birthday of eight resurrected the sunken ship and that was all that was needed to expose the secret of little Rex. The curious duo of Sherlock and Shockley approached the young one with no reserve or contempt and

forever kept his secret. That is until little Rex grew up.

PART T

She wore lights in her hair and skipped to a tune nailed to her head all while ignoring every principle in the world. Then one day she stopped when she caught sight of Sherlock who smiled and walked away. In his hand was a poisoned butterfly who held his utmost attention. She tapped on his shoulder hoping deter his stare. When he finally looked up he saw the apples in her hair and immediately became entranced with her. They shared an apple as they pierced the sky, nevermore one would cry. Cellar door.

PART U

Ria was more alive than she so quickly returned to the place from before. She regained the white apples that she wore in her hair, like lights in a tree from long ago and just like that she and Sherlock were reunited. But left behind was a lost Shockley in a realm where Rin dare not tread. Left amongst them was little Rex grown, who braved the darker skies and torrent seas in search of the one who could not be found. But if any could tempt the search, it would be the dragon from long ago.

PART V

Sherlock and Shockley picked one end and worked towards the middle. By the time they reached the end, they had read every book which Rin was neither sure if she was pleased or not. "Come little ones, it is time for bed," she said to the twins. But they smiled uneasily and replied, "But we have yet to explore the world," and continued to read every book she owned.

PART W

He never let them out of his sight, not even for a moment lest he might slip, but he was always like this. Lee remained standing as he watched them at sea, but always stood ready just in case he were needed. But one day he slipped; forgetting that though he watched his twins, no one watched him.

PART X

The skies were purple, a reflective hue, when Lee grabbed a hold of her and dragged her back in. "You should not have done that," he scolded. "But I do not belong," Shockley replied. And so it was Lee who returned her; not to anyone's surprise because only Lee who would have watched for her. But neither Shockley nor Lee could return, so with the help of a friendly flying Rex, she was returned to the realm of the living without so much as a scratch.

PART Y

One day, Rin and Lee will meet but not like one should want to think, but rather on their own terms; in the way they would want to. That tale cannot be told but remains sacred in the world of Sherlock and Shockley.

PART Z

She wanted to be a scientist and he wanted to be an artist, but instead like the way fates intertwine, it

was he who became victim to a ghost of Cushing and she to a bohemian spirit. Nonetheless they were prolific with their intents and still managed to do what Rin and Lee said they would. They would do something great by the end of the night; like light up the stars and paint the sky a fiery shade of carmine. They would make the fish fly and tangle the clouds with dragons of flight. Either way they would dismantle it all, if even in their own mind.



EPILOGUE

No one ever said that Shockley passed away. Or that she lived. But no one could deny the reverie that Sherlock once owned.

